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A P P E N D I X
TO THE
TRANSLATION
O F

TULLY's Panegyrick on *FULIUS CÆSAR*

F O R

His Restauration of *M. MARCELLUS*,

Relating to the

Prince of Orange.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Walter Kettilby*, at the *Bishop's-head*
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1689.

AN APPENDIX

TO THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

[1]
AN
APPENDIX
TO THE
TRANSLATION
OF
TULLI's Panegyrick on *JULIUS CÆSAR*
FOR
His Restauration of *M. MARCELLUS*,
Relating to the
Prince of Orange.

HE, who had ventur'd *Cicero* to translate,
Would needs attempt your deeds to celebrate.
But when his fancy faded as it wrought
On that bold task, at length he wisely thought;

This Gratulation put in *English* dress
 Might doe the thing perhaps with more success;
 Since all now justly would apply to you,
 What once that Speaker made his *Cæsar's* due;
 Though *Cæsar's* bus'ness it of old did seem
 All to enslave, while yours is to redeem.
 If him such thanks the Oratour does give,
 At most, for letting one *Marcellus* live,
 How would his raptur'd Language you adore,
 Who to three Kingdoms a new life restore;
 And that Peace, Order, Unity, Effect,
 He from his Master vainly did expect:
 So that all here was a Prophetick praise,
 Wrapt darkly up in *Latine* till our days,
 And its true meaning now in you displays.

That

That then, with our Addresses, he may free,
 His highborn sense from servile flattery;
 For Panegyrick, that he may not range,
 Let him have you for *Julius* in exchange;
 His matter else his rhetorick will not fit,
 He wants our subject, and we want his wit,
 Yours is the likeness though another fit.

Yet after his inimitable hand,
 Still the resemblance does imperfect stand;
 To finish and adorn his piece, he drew
 All that was lovely then, and all he knew;
 But you such grace add to the Hero's air,
 And make his character so wondrous fair,
 That all *Idea's* they could raise of old,
 The strokes of mast'ry that were counted bold,

And

And all their painting to the life long since,
 Would now look flat and dead about the Prince.

However had he been preserv'd by fate,
 To see the marvels of this Eighty eight,
 And their great Authour to congratulate,
 He might the weighty Argument sustain,
 Which we bend under, and support with pain.
 And when he came to touch, above the rest,
 That noble part, the sake and interest
 Of sacred justice, and of truth divine,
 Which gave the rise and spring to your design,
 What light'nings would he dart to make it shine?
 Were he a constancy to represent,
 Confirm'd by danger and discouragement,
 Which difficulties and disasters whet,
 By obstacles and cross winds forward set ;

Then

Then would he proudly in tost's Eloquence swim,
 Bear up, and strain the cordage of each limb;
 So would his style engage and force the storm,
 That you might feel him speak what you perform.

After the Mental, having next survey'd
 The Naval preparations you had made,
 Seen what a joyfull terror spoon'd away,
 All freighted with deliv'rance for *Torbay*.
 Here with that tide and torrent he would go,
 And sails so stretch'd, that you should hardly know
 Whether as yet you were a shoar, or no:
 Like your own Frigats, this would all along
 Fire at his Eyes, and thunder in his Tongue.
 When all was ready for a fair descent,
 He would, like *Archimedes*, ways invent;

How,

How by once setting foot on *English* ground,
 You the whole Land should move, and turn it round.
 As against publick force the Orbs above
 Wheel by the byass of a private love ;
 As Loadstones Iron, as Jet and Amber Straw,
 Things different with like fondness to 'em draw,
 You should light hearts, and heavy steel attract,
 By virtue of the Cause for which you act.
 With *Langston*, *Cornbury*, starting for the race,
 Our eager Troops should gallop on apace,
 Not Enemies to wound, but Friends embrace :
 And your slow march should more retarded be
 By crouds, which their Preserver came to see,
 Then Western passages, or fallen rains,
 Or the redoubted Camp on *Salisbury* Plains.

His Oratory, where the cause did fail,
 Should over Zeal and Hatred so prevail,
 So Wildness, Rage, and every passion charm,
 That *Teague* himself would scarce intend you harm.
 Thus would he lead along your peacefull course,
 Not stopp'd but guarded by our armed Force.

The War begins not till you come to Town,
 And chiefly there attacks the treach'rous Gown.
 Then all his powers had muster'd to invade
 Such as their Faith, or Countrey had betraid:
Wem, Sunderland, and Talgol, should have been,
 His *Clodius, Antony, and Catalin*;
 Those Criminals and Felons of the Bench,
 Who the strong Bars of liberty did wrench,
 With that forg'd Engine of Dispensing Power,
 (Which, feeding them, did all beside devour)

B

He

He to the Bar of *Æacus* would Cite,
 That for themselves, at least, they might have right:
 Or Old Law-givers Ghosts would make appear,
 To terrify our New Law-sellers here.

Ratling the *Magna Charta*, they should come,
 As dreadful as *Mompesson's* midnight drum.

Among the Jugglers, struck with that surprise
Penn should his Hat pull off, and all disguise,
 And quake in earnest, when he saw 'em rise. }

Proud *Hales*, that Lawfull things abhor'd so much,
 As to leave Church, and Wife, for being such,
 Pale at the sight, should cry like *Balaam's* Ass,
 My *Obadiah* no true Prophet was.

Where's now the Tow'r? the Babel we had built,
 To raise our name, and to secure our guilt.

A noise

A noise of Truth, Sense, Justice, fills the Land,
 Strange words our daubers do not understand,
 But sneak away with Trowels in their hand.
 Then regulating Vermine would, like Moles,
 Or tim'rous Conies, creep into their holes,
 But should no shelter, or protection find
 Within the Burroughs they had undermin'd.
 Despair, Amazement, Horrour, he would bring,
 Bombs, Furies, Vipers, among Villains fling,
 Their Breasts to tear, and Consciences to sting.
 At Axes, and at Halters, they might smile,
 Whose quick dispatches Justice do beguile,
 But should his Charge, which ever will be read,
 His lashing of their Memory, when dead,
 As an eternal Execution dread.

And when these wretches had receiv'd their doom,
 His Flow'rs and Ornaments he would resume;
 To you return all pompous, and all gay,
 Whō *Hydra's*, which the Realm envenom, slay;
 He should you term our *Hercules*, who fight
 With Monsters, and a *Juno's* deadly spite;
 Who, *Atlas* being withdrawn, approach the Court,
 Which first a Heav'n you make, and then support.
 How would his Genius here, and Skill combine!
 Strong mix with sweet, and forcible with fine;
 The pow'rs of Nature, and the rules of Art,
 Should be employ'd, and work in every part.
 His Reaches, Figures, Beauties, all come forth,
 To shape an Image which might hold your worth;
 All that is Great, Good, Blessed, Excellent,
 Should in one single Character be spent;

And.

And melted, like *Corinthian* metal, take
 The sacred form that would your Statue make.
 Since for our rescue, you did means provide,
 None else could use, durst offer at beside;
 Whatever none could say, or think, but he,
 That, to your Highness, should appropriate be;
 You, the rich Thanks, full Elogy, should have,
 (Who better things, and with more brav'ry save)
 Which, to himself the gratefull Consul gave. }
 And when our last acknowledgments were over,
 He would attend you with his Vows to *Dover*,
 Wishing that *France* may find you in the end,
 Just such a Foe, as *England* has a Friend.

For though you have already more Atchiev'd,
 Than will in after Ages be believ'd,

Tho

Tho' all admire, some envie, we applaud,
 That Courage which has *Rome*, and *Cæsar* aw'd;
 Yet neither you, nor we, can rest content,
 With our own Safety, Ease, and Settlement;
 These goods must scatter like the vital Air,
 And with our Isle, the Continent must share;
 As the World's light from *Delos* took his birth,
 Then suddenly illustrated the Earth.
 Others to you appeal, your Arms invite,
 In Worthies all the injur'd have a right.
 For greater things you seem by Heav'n design'd,
 With that Just, Active, Universal Mind, (hind,
 Which thinks nought done, when there is more be-
 While there are any that oppress Mankind.

You

You carry, Sir, a double conqu'ring Name,
 And to each part you owe its proper fame;
 The *William* has been satisfy'd, 'tis true,
 Whenas your kind Invasion did subdue;
 But *Henry* calls your late succesfull hand
 To plant fresh Laurels on a neighbouring Land;
 And that the Prince may with good Omens march,
 There stands by *Orange* a triumphal Arch:
Marius the brave did that erect, and you,
 Both by the Spirit Masculine you shew,
 And by your Female half are *Marius* too.

Beside, we Bards, the wonder of this Age,
 And you, discry in old poetick rage;
 Behold the lab'ring *Sibyl* how she heaves,
 Plucks from a golden bough her sweet green leaves,

To

To which she does commit this unripe sense,
Of a mysterious distant Providence.

Another young *Augustus* I espy,
Arising from the womb of Destiny ;
In whose triumphant and auspicious Reign
The great *Messiah* shall be born again ;
Live he, and truth, for ever then in spite
Of miter'd subtilty and crowned might ;
Though blust'ring *Herod*, and the cross High-priest,
Should, for their ruine, be together piec'd ;
But while vain Franchises set them at odds,
This gen'rous youth shall from their slavish rods
Set Nations free, and from their knavish gods. }

The *Druids* too have wrote in fatal Oak,
Of one should break the *European* yoke,

Con-

Confine the Lillies that abroad do roam,
 And for their living make 'em spin at home.
 That fatal Oak was split, but since it meets
 Now by conjunction of the *D. E.* Fleets,
 This Oracle is plain to every sight,
 And *Lewis* scares, being read in open light,
 As *Mene Tekel* did *Belshazzar* fright.

Nay their *Pucelle*, and famous *Nostradame*,
 Have strange inspir'd Sayings much the same;
 Obscure at first, but late events of time
 Interpret all the ridlings of their rhyme.

When the *Welch* Mountains lie-in of a Mousse,
 Which, with old Rats, shall quit the falling House;
 When *Albion's* Sun arises in the West,
 And Wolves to suckle *Romulus* are prest;

C

When

When *Pais Bas* shall be no longer low,
 When *Britain* shall be won without a foe,
 Let *Gallia* then beware a Mortal blow.

Whene'er a Tree, whose fruit the Dragon keeps,
 (And that keeps him from any quiet sleeps)
 Shall to the Wood give wings, and with it fly,
 Where *Neptune*, that sure Protestant Allie,
 The Union spoils of Cousin *L.* and *J.*
 Dragon, look to't, there's something in the wind
 Worse than the *Fistula* in your Tail behind.

Louis Le Grand, that is the monstrous Cheat,
 Who has so long, so falsely past for great,
 You must detect, and prove him counterfeit.
 Whose onely fighting metal is his Gold,
 And Victories, Towns, or Princes basely sold;
 The

The Hardship, Hazard, Stress of real War,
 Are things he onely hears of from afar ;
 But if there has been trucking, or the like,
 He comes, his bargain, not his foe to strike.
 Whose faith is fraud, and his most Christian works,
 Advice, and Bribes, and Succour to the *Turks* :
 Thy Edict, *Nants*, now Interdict, that shows,
 This the betray'd, attackt *Vienna* knows.
 He always has pretensions on the weak,
 As bound all Covenants with them to break ;
 The Gordian knot of Articles in words,
 If not by tricks unty'd, is cut by Swords.
 His thoughts are troubled, and his rest does cease,
 While Neighbours quiet, or the World has peace ;
 Nor Harp, nor Tabor can remove his fits,
 Then *Saul* complains in Council as he sits.

No falshood? no perfidious part to play?
 No mischief done? Friends, we have lost the day.
 O scandalous! how people live at ease!
 Go, let a Fever upon *Europe* seize,
 It is the onely cure for my disease.
 There let each paroxysm have its turn,
 The Peasant tremble, and the Village burn:
 What an indignity! when I am near,
 For any to be safe, or without fear:
 This horrid insolence I must chastise,
 Wherein the highest provocation lies,
 Who thinks himself secure, does me despise.
 As if the Majesty of *Nost' Plaisir*
 Could be ty'd up by Truce till such a year,
 As if I were not able to subvert
 What paltry States and Lordlings make so pert;

Or

Or else I would not, with fierce *Ottoman*,
 Render as many wretched as I can:
 When, save my self, 'tis my great blis and pride
 To see no happy, or proud thing beside,
 The wings we clipp'd are grown, behold! how soon
 That Eagle mounts, and soars above the Moon;
 Let him be humbled to the state before,
 Untill the Crescent has new horns to gore.
 Against the *Palatine* our Troops employ,
 A petty right, not mine, he does enjoy,
 Nor were it worth the while him to annoy,
 But for that royal pleasure to destroy.
 Then *Furstenburg* the Traitour, but our Slave,
 Does to weak titles strong protection crave,
 Bid *Baviere*, Pope, Emperour, begone,
 For those three Kings of *Cologne*, I'll make one.

Let

Let *Humieres* make haste the *Dutch* to plague,
 And fetch their *Hannibal* to defend his *Hague*;
 By Cannons on the *Rhine* my will rehearse,
 That the confed'rate Rabble should disperse,
 Tell the old *Jethro*, that is grown a Child,
 Squabbling for toys, if he'd be reconcil'd,
 Now is his time, or else to all intents
 He'll find a *Herod* for the Innocents.

The *English* above all my patience urge,
 Those Hereticks with Scorpions I would scourge,
 But, since the Sea won't let me thither skip,
 That, in their stead, like *Xerxes*, I must whip.
 If there be more, as yet not over-run,
 Let 'em together meet and be undone;
 Defiance we to all at once declare,
 And bait, for pasture, the whole Northern Bear.

It was too mean to deal in Contributions,
 And little military Executions;
Banditi, Tory's, Highway-men live thus,
 There are more stately mischiefs left for us;
 Great and small villany has a diff'rent vogue,
 That constitutes a *Lewis*, this a Rogue.
 For flighter evils, and for partial woes,
 For piece-meal havock upon single foes, (thrown,
 When Countries, Kings, Worlds, should be over-
 Now, by their total ruine, I'll atone;
 Pardon me, Soverign Honour, that so late
 This Victim to thy Shrine I consecrate.

So spake the *Lucifer* of *France*, and fell
 With armed Fiends streight to enlarge his hell;

For

For thralldom, suff'ring, want, despair and grief,
 And desolation reign where he is chief.
 From Antichrist let *Nero's* name be freed,
 Here's an Heroick *Beelzebub* indeed ;
 Who having Cities, Bloud, and Treasure wrung,
 Then causes a *Se Deum* to be sung :
 Of all destructive Pow'rs, the Earth scarce had one,
 Like this strange King *Apollyon* and *Abaddon*.
 New Tyrants less'ning still their rights and wealth,
 A *Syracusan* Dame wish'd *Denys* health,
 A Successour more rav'nous to prevent,
 But now might save her witty Complement ;
 The present *Denys* cannot leave a worse,
 T' improve Oppression and the publick Curse.

St. *Denys*

St. *Denys* did not supererogate
 So much in works of love, as he of late
 In mortal crimes, and more than mortal hate.
 His needless slaughters, and superfluous wast,
 Oaths, Temples, Consciences by him defact,
 His uncommanded frankness to infect,
 Ills done, no other *Satan* could suggest,
 With a vast treasure of such vile demerits,
 Might serve to damn an host of blessed spirits.

Yet for such feats as these his frantick crown,
 Is blown with bubbled thoughts of high renown;
 And all are charg'd who write his huffing Story,
 To hoop it well, for fear it burst with glory,
 Glory, the *La Valiere*, that does cajoll,
 And tickle the lewd passions of his Soul;

D

That

That glory you shall make the chafteft Nun,
 And veil her from the rapes of this hot Sun.
 If he has Deeds to bring of any fort,
 That ever were enroll'd in Honour's Court,
 Let him his Proofs alledg, his Claims produce,
 His Services attest, and shew his Use;
 We'll set the fair Particulars to account,
 See to what summe of glory they amount;
 As yet, he seems to have obliged men,
 As Earthquakes *Naples*, and Seas *Groningen*.
 If Glory be a large, illustrious Fame,
 That spreads and recommends a worthy Name,
 For great and numerous obligations laid
 On our own first, thence to the World convey'd;
 Then, *Monsieur* has not onely torn away
 Your Principality, as lawfull prey,

But

But robs you too, if glorious he would be,
 Of your best right, and dearest property;
 Though that of your revenue is a part,
 He cannot strain by force, or steal by art,
 Till he can storm the mind, or win the heart.
 All Votes, and Nature's everlasting Laws,
 Have settled his reproach, and your applause,
 A Fortune this you legally inherit
 By ancient Records of your House's merit;
 The Title (and such Titles sure are good)
 Runs from the first conveyance of your blood,
 Which clear, and undisputed still has stood.
 No interruption, failure, crack, or flaw,
 Is in the Line, or Claim of Great *Nassau*;
 A Name belov'd and reverenc'd by all,
 Which their delight and blessing men do call;

Whose Honour to proclaim the World agrees,
 In solemn Judgments, and by firm Decrees:
 A Family our Kings so much respect,
 And which the Royal Virgins so affect,
 That, till their suit is heard, and they obtain,
 All other Princes court, and sigh in vain :
 Happy Pretenders still, and richly sped,
 With *England's* Daughters, who the Nation wed,
 Of their repute, of them we are so fond,
 Our hearts are twisted in the Nuptial bond.

What could be wish'd a person more to grace,
 Than to be sprung of that Renowned Race?
 And should nought else your Ancestors commend,
 It were enough that you from them descend,
 So each their mutual illustrations lend.

For

For to old deeds in former Ages shown,
 You add authentick Ev'dence of your own;
 The sparkling History of your Life is it,
 An instrument so fresh, so fairly writ,
 So well attested to our present sense,
 He must be blind that questions your pretence.
 That glitt'ring of your Predecessours praise,
 The tracks of light which shone about their ways,
 Yield to the rising of your stronger rays.
 Th' entail'd estate of glory you derive,
 As your self grew, prodigiously did thrive;
 And Providence your labour so does bless,
 The heritage, is, than the purchase, less.
 The Bank of fame does with your stock so teem,
 You might, by your sole vertue and esteem,
 The age from Vice and Infamy redeem.

But

But though your actions give a real draught,
 Of what before was but describ'd by thought,
 Though fancy'd excellencies all prove true,
 The *Cyrus* and the *Trajan* breath in you ;
 Yet when your minds on this dear Object fix,
 Grief does with joy, and pain with pleasure mix ;
 For qualities, which should immortal be,
 Lodg'd in one breast, and mortal that we see:
 Truth, Wisdom, Goodness, with our frailty join'd,
 A godlike shape on earthly matter coin'd ;
 These put our twins of passion at a strife,
 Divine perfections, but a humane life:
 We hope, we fear, we are, and are not pleas'd,
 We have enough, yet the desire not eas'd :
 From past mishaps, much love and great concern,
 The worst of chance to apprehend, we learn ;

When

When we count farthest, and the best suppose,
 A coming period, and a final close,
 The present sense of our enjoyments doze.

'Tis an allay to all the *Phrygian* joy,
 That *Hector* onely is the prop of *Troy*.

When you have spent your glorious days, and ly
 Embalm'd in aromatick memory ;

Who shall the Rights of Christendom secure ?
 Or make the benefits you leave endure ?

Where's he that can to such a pattern stretch ?
 And you to life by imitation fetch ?

That worthiness may not decline, and fall
 From the rais'd pitch of your Original.

Heav'n did not sure its care and cost bestow,
 In polishing a bright Example so,

That

That things, which our capacity transcend,
 Should both begin with you, and have an end :
 As a new Star a while is seen to blaze,
 And then forsake beholders as they gaze.
 These miracles of Nature, and of Grace,
 Were not intended for a little space;
 Short happiness is but a lightsome trance,
 Experiment, without continuance,
 Of bliss it self, does misery enhance.
 But you our appetites have set on edge,
 Not as a taste, but as of more a pledge;
 More like your self, close causes are agreed
 And, when we little think, the chosen seed
 Invisible posterity does breed.

The

The world will want 'em, and there must be some,
 (Though *Isaac's* may be long before they come)
 To take the copy, and to fill your room.

This is lock'd up as yet in dark reserve,
 That we such grace may study to deserve;
 As the last favour this, the sole, the great,
 Must your and our felicity complete:

This we believe, and beg; now faith and pray'rs,
 (So with the trusting, and devout it fares)
 Are of known vertue for producing Heirs:

A starry Off-spring, that may rise in throngs,
 And happily revenge their Grandfires wrongs;
 That as you have your Fathers, in a run
 Of Nobleness and Gallantry, out done,
 So you may be, by many and many a Son.

F I N I S.

Books Printed for Walter Kettilby, at the Bishop's-
Head in St. Paul's Church-yard.

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An

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Roman Catholicks uncertain whether there be any true Priests or Sacraments in the Church of *Rome*.

